

T H E

Disobedient S O N,

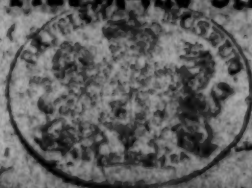
Cruel Husband:

Being a full and true Relation of one Mr. John Jones, a Farmer's Son in *Wilshire*, whose Father left him a plentiful Estate, and was married to a young Lady of a very good Fortune in the same Place; who afterwards followed a wicked Course of Life, as Whoring, Gaming, and Swearing, &c. When he had spent all his Substance upon a Harlot, he went home, where he murdered his Wife, and Child: From thence he went to his Mother's and hang'd her on a Tree in her own Orchard. With the last dying Words of this wicked Wretch, who was hang'd before his Mother's Door.

To which is added,

The Maids Lesson: Being Instructions for a young She Beginner.

Printed by J. Pratt in the Strand.



The Disobedient SON, &c.

YO Parents all that now these Lines do hear,
 Observe them well, I'm sure you'll shed a tear,
 The like of this I think was never known,
 The World it is so very wicked grown.

In Wiltshire there a wealthy Man did dwell,
 He had one only Son, 'tis known full well,
 His Parents they did him so much adore,
 And he indeed was Heir to all their Store.

His tender Father as we understand,
 Was snatcht away by Death's most cruel Hand,
 Before his Son arriv'd to sixteen Years,
 Leaving his loving Wife in Flood of Tears.

She of her Son so very tender were,
 The best that could be bought, this Youth must wear,
 And all that he desir'd, she none deny'd,
 At length he grew to such a height of Pride;

At Cards and Dice her Substance he'd confound,
 Nothing but Vile did in this Youth abound;
 He oft would curse his Mother to her Face,
 When she did tell him of his wicked Race.

At last unto a charming Maiden fair,
 He married was, as I'll to you declare:
 Six hundred Pound he had with her 'tis known,
 But her dear Parents they were dead and gone.

He seem'd for to love her as his Life,
But now observe what caused all the Strife,
He on a wanton Harlot cast his Eye,
And often would frequent her Company :

The richest of attire he would buy,
He spared no Cost, but let his Money fly,
For to maintain this Harlot in her Pride ;
Nothing that she did ask must be deny'd.

At last his Wife she of the same did hear,
And oft would say to him, *My dearest Dear,*
These wicked Courses that you use in Time,
To Poverty it will bring me and mine.

Two lovely Babes by his Wife he had,
Which might have made a Father's Heart full glad,
But he was barbarous, cruel, and severe,
To Wife, his Mother, and her Children dear.

At last his Substance very short it grew,
Yet to this wicked Harlot he would go,
And when his Money it grew verra scant,
His Wife grew cold, and seem'd discontent.

Saying, *This Trade will never do with me,*
Then to his Wife and Mother he would flee :
Their Rings and Cloaths, and all that he could find
He'd bring to her, their Cries he did not mind.

At last this Course no longer he could run,
His Wife poor Soul, her substance it was gone

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His aged Mother had but little left,
And almost of her Senses was bereft.

One Day he by his Harlot-fetting were,
She in a Passion said, *I do declare,*
If you some Money do not get for me,
I will no longer keep you Company.

He in a Fury to his Wife came Home,
And found her with her Babes, making moan,
Some Money I must have, to hen did say,
Or else I'll murder you this very Day.

My Dear, I have none for to give to you:
With that in such a Passion strait he flew,
And barring up the Door, to her did come,
And threw her on the Floor all along.

He gagg'd her Mouth, and bound her very Limbs,
At last one of his Children said to him,
Father, do not my Mother kill I pray,
I'm sure we have not had no Bread to Day.

He turn'd about, and on the Child he gaz'd,
The Devil had his Fancies so amaz'd,
He with a Knife, that was so keen and sharp,
Did stab this sweet Babe unto the Heart.

His Loving Wife she saw the Deed he'd done,
While Tears they from her Eyes like fountains run
What, dost thou weep to see thy darling dye,
I Likewise will dispatch thee instantly.

Then with the Knife that kill'd her Infant dear,
 Her Throat he did cut from Ear to Ear,
 The other Infant out aloud did cry,
 To see its Mother there a bleeding lye.

He straitways went, and took it by the Hand,
 While the poor Baby that did trembling stand,
Tby Life I fain would save, to it did say,
But I do fear that you will me betray.

But three Years old this Infant was no more,
 He likewise had it wallowing in its Gore,
 And then to search the House he did begin,
 But no Money he could find therein.

So then straitways out of the House he went,
 The Doors did fasten, being discontent,
 Unto his aged Mother he did go,
 Whose tender heart was overwhelm'd with Woe.

His Mother straitways rose her Son to meet,
 And presently fetches him some Food to eat,
 Saying, You look but discontent my Son,
 I'm sorry he reply'd, for what I have done.

For Joy his aged Mother wept amain,
 And will my Child his Wickedness refrain,
 That I may Comfort have in thee my Son,
 But little she did think what he had done.

At last this cruel Wretch so void of Grace,
 He with his hand did strike her on the Face,

And gagg'd her Mouth in dismal sort also,
And by her hair he dragg'd her too and fro,

Unto the Orchard he did drag her there,
And on a tree he hang'd her by the hair,
Tying her tender Arms likewise behind,
Saying, Now thy Money I'll go find.

When he had taken all that he could find,
Unto his harlot straitway he did hey,
And told to her the Things that he had done,
And how his Mother on a tree he'd hung.

She answer'd, Why did not you kill her too?
Come instantly to London let us go.
he reply'd, My dear it shall be so:
But God above the Matter all did know.

Next Day one of the Neighbours she did spy,
his Mother hanging on a tree so high,
The same did raise the town the Sight to see,
Who took her Breathless Corpse from off the Tree.

And running straightways for to tell her Son,
As soon as e're unto his they come,
They found it fastned, no Answer made,
Which put their hearts in further fear and dread.

The Doors they fir it broke open then with speed,
A Sight would mke a stony heart to bleed,
To see the Mother and her Infants dear,
Lye in their Gere, Lord ! what a Sight was there.

Murder, O Lord, is hateful in thy Sight;
 Thy Divine Providence does bring it to light;
 The Murderer was taken on the Road,
 And unto Justice brought with one accord.

He was condemn'd to suffer for the same,
 And after Death for to be hang'd in Chains;
 As soon as he came to the Gallows-tree,
 He wept, and rung his hands most bitterly.

Saying, Christians all pray for my sinful Soul,
 My Sins indeed are very gross and foul,
 My Wife, my Mother, and my Child so dear,
 For murdering them I now must suffer here.

My Infant's Blood for Vengeance now does cry;
 My Virtuous Wife stands before my Eyes;
 My aged Mother likewise methinks I see,
 You graceless Children all be warn'd by me.

Be sure you shun lewd harlots Company,
 You with a Virtuous Wife may happy be,
 But I cruel Wretch her Blood did spill,
 That never did, nor thought me any ill.

How can I cast my Eyes to heaven high,
 O blessed Saviour do not me deny,
 I hope good Christians for my Soul you'll pray,
 When this he spoke, the Cart it drew away.

You Parents, and likewise Children pray,
 Observe what I do say to you this Day:

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 Observe what I do say to you this Day:

You Children mind your Parents, serve the Lord,
A Crown of Glory will be your Reward.

The Maids Lesson, &c.

TO play upon a Viol,
if a Virgin will begin,
She first of all must know her Cliff,
and all the Stops therein;
She first of all must know her Cliff,
and all the Stops therein.

Her Prick she must hold long enough,
her Back falls gently take;
Her touch must gentle be not rough,
she at each Stroke must shake.

Her Body must by no means bend,
but stick close to her Fiddle,
Her Feet must hold the lower End,
her Knees must hold the Middle.

She boldly to the Bow must fly,
as if she'd make it crack;
Two Fingers on the Hair must lye,
and two upon the Back.

And when she bath, as she wou'd have,
she must it gently thrust
Up, swift, slow, at any rate,
and she herself doth list.

And when she once begins to find
that she grow something cunning,
She'll ne'er be quiet in her mind,
until she finds it running.

F I N I S.



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